The World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

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J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.
One Year..... $3.80
One Month..... .30

For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year..... $9.78
One Month..... .85

VOLUME 52.....NO. 16,406

THE GREAT AMERICAN MATCH.

"THE careless throwing away of a match" caused the Equitable Building fire, according to Fire Commissioner Johnson. A lighted cigarette thrown into linen waste caused the Triangle Building fire, according to former Fire Chief Croker. A cigarette smouldering in a pile of shavings caused the Polo Grounds fire, according to several Giant ball players. A Tammany cigar flung into a waste paper basket caused the Capitol fire, according to common belief.

Defective insulation, defective flues and "spontaneous combustion" are the fire causes one hears most about in this country. Our electrical wiring is better than Europe's. Our heating appliances better. Combustion is no more spontaneous here than there and fireproofing is much more general. Yet Europe pays no such toll in conflagration. The fact is that most American fires are due to cigars and cigarettes, and to the matches which the smoker is constantly lighting.

Our appalling fire loss, $4,906,619,240 in thirty-five years ending in 1910, is testimony to the national carelessness that declares itself in the use of non-safety matches and the indiscreet burning of tobacco.

WHERE BOREAS PIPES THE TUNE.

SNOW and ice are impediments in the city, and winter a thing to be fortified against rather than availed of. Winter amusements, metropolitan variety, signify the theatre, the restaurant, the bowling alley—indoor life of some kind. Outside the city, winter is a word written in the rude free hand of open-air life. Its sports are reminders of the day, not so distant, when the commerce of this State moved in January rather than June, and the hauling of heavy material for the Erie Canal was upon dirt highways frozen solid and snow-smoothed.

Between the lines of newspaper reports you may read the story of this other life in the metropolitan back country. There were six serious accidents from coasting noted in yesterday's Evening World. The missing duck hunters on Great South Bay tell of a sport which attracts venturesome spirits. This week the annual iceboat races were held on Shrewsbury River. Beside the south shore of Long Island that amphibious craft, the scooter, figures in daily contests. The hilly north shore of Long Island is the home of communal coasting, Huntington and Oyster Bay competing in an old-time rivalry.

The best feature of these winter sports, whether by ice yacht, scooter, sled or even sleigh, is that the vehicles used are largely home made, the product of enforced leisure and an ingenuity that adapts its output to local conditions. The mechanical bent that in every town hereabout has produced its own type of aeroplane was in part nurtured by earlier experiments with machines intended to excel all others on hillside or bay.

FOR VESSELS IN DISTRESS.

VESSELS in the coasting trade starting from this port and passing out of Long Island Sound on their way to Newport, Fall River, New Bedford and New England ocean ports pass Point Judith. This point, thirty miles east of New London and eighteen miles southwest of Newport harbor, has been called the graveyard of the coasting trade. Head winds and heavy seas prevail there, and do their worst upon tugs and barges. In season ten thousand passengers a night are carried past this tempestuous headland, and the freight that must round it in boats has an estimated value of over $200,000,000 a year. The opening of the Cape Cod Canal will swell these figures.

That is the argument for the Point Judith Harbor of Refuge, so-called—so called because in its present unfinished state the name is a misnomer. About five hundred vessels find asylum there during the year, even as it is. But it needs that the harbor have its westerly breakwater completed to prevent shoaling, that it be properly lighted so it may be used at night, and that a landing place be constructed for passengers, crews and cargoes of vessels in distress.

It is of importance to this port, whose great coasting and towing interests have petitioned Congress through the Board of Trade to complete the harbor, that the work should be carried out promptly and not abandoned or postponed, as so many other useful harbor enterprises have been, because the money had to be sunk in interior creeks that never floated so much as a canal boat.

Letters from the People

Country Walks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In the country, where I live, sixteen or twenty miles is nothing to walk, and this is the time in which we do it: Leave home at 1.30 P. M. and back home for supper at 6.30 P. M., and think nothing of the twenty miles that we have covered. Men walk six and ten miles to do a day's work and then walk home after working hard all day. A. R. S.

Telegraphers, Help!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would like to ask readers, experienced telegraph operators especially, to advise me how to gain experience in telegraphy. It does not seem to be such a hard thing to practice, but it's kind of hard for me, as I am very nervous and a slow writer besides. I have been in the business six months and cannot copy three messages in succession. S. L.

"The Washtub City."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial on "Washtub City" is very timely and to the point. It certainly is an outrage that more women do not have their laundry done in the home either by themselves or by a servant, thus saving the man of the household a great deal of money. I know of an uptown laundry where the man who owns it does over $8,500 worth of business in a month. Surely out of this he must have an income of at least $1,500, for it can not all possibly go to expenses. This same man came over to this country about fifteen years ago a poor boy and worked in a livery stable. From there he went to a club, and from his savings and tips was able to go into this laundry business. For my part, I advocate the laundry being done in the home. M. O'D.

Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day did Nov. 24 fall in 1393? J. W. W.

A Woman's Ambition.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would experienced readers advise me on a subject that may also interest many other women? I am a woman twenty-one years old and would like to take up a claim in some State with a climate not any more harsh than this city, if as cold. I have read about such claims, and I now ask readers who have had experience to suggest a place and inform me as to particulars. What would be the advantage to three women taking such a claim? I am self-supporting. A. B. C.

In the Public Library.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Wanting to find a Chicago address, I wish you would tell me where I could find a directory of Chicago? W. F. Y.

Can You Beat It?

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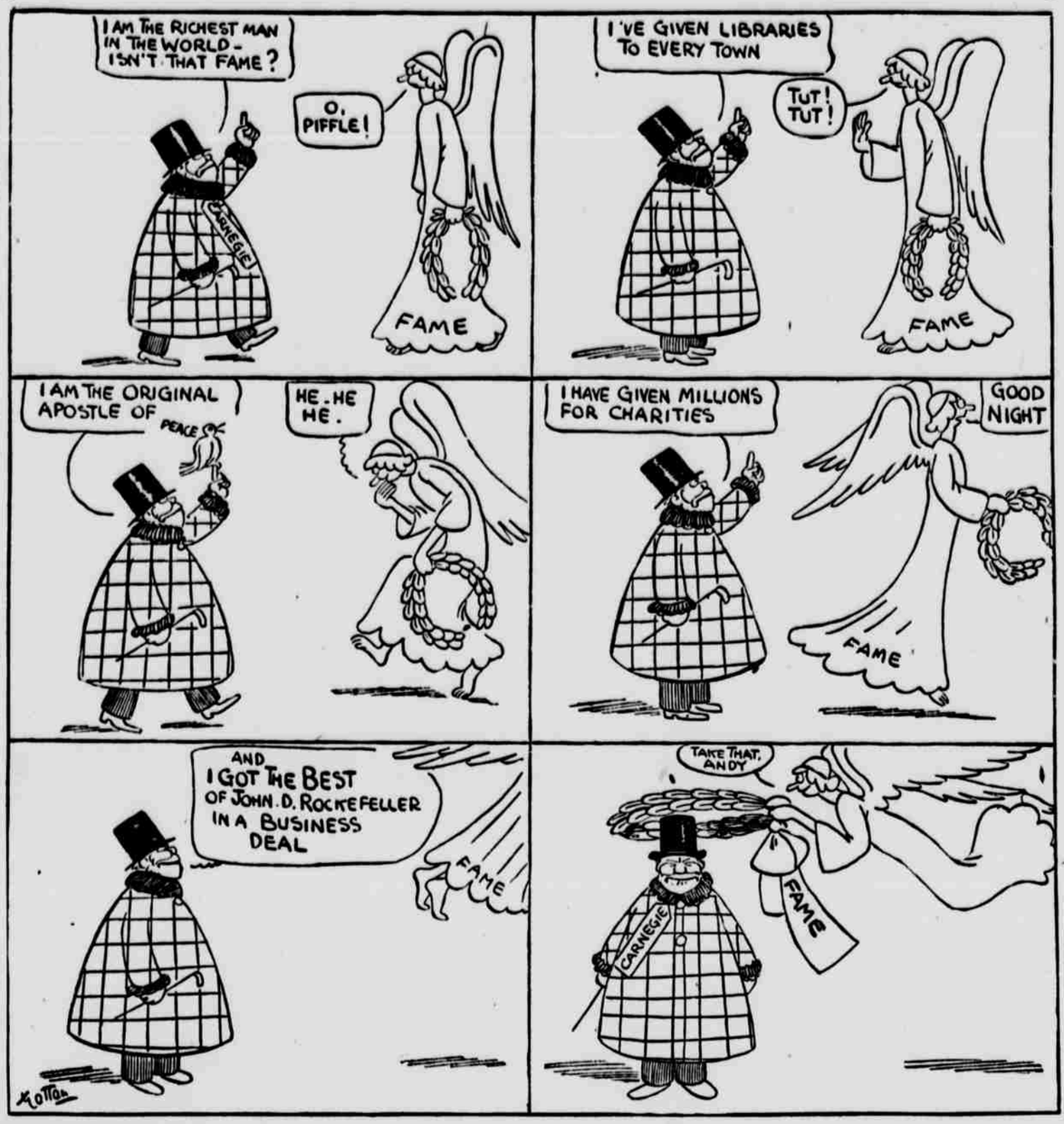
By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Hears the Tragedy of a Cough and a Golden Wedding

"WELL, how's business, Mr. Slavinsky?" asked Mr. Jarr cheerily, as he encountered his neighbor, the glazier, at Gus's.

"Business is so bum that it ain't no wonder people do what they do for to build up trade," replied the glazier.

"Me," he continued, "only it is fashionable to put in looking glasses in closet doors I would starve to death. What we need is lots of snow and a big strong wind."

"Not for me!" said Mr. Jarr. "I don't care for snow and wind."

"You would if you was in the glass business," said Mr. Slavinsky. "Comes a snow and the boys throw snowballs, than my telephone rings to ask me to come around and fix the broken basement winders. Comes a strong wind and the glass fronts blow out, so it all helps."

"I guess you are the only one that sees it that way," said Mr. Jarr.

"Sure," was the reply; "but everybody sees it a different way. Here is the feller what is an undertaker next door to me. My! I make my throat sore coughing for that feller, just so he'll be sociable."

"Tell me about your cough. You got rid of it, all right," said Mr. Jarr, as they stood by the third rail.

"I didn't have any cough," replied the glazier. "Only about a week ago I am taking out an order for a glass what is broken in a china closet up the street, and I see McDermatt, the undertaker, standing in his door, and he looks as though nobody ain't going to die—all down in his heart like; and so me, you know, I'm always the feller to do a good turn by anybody when it don't cost anything, so I coughed for McDermatt, and that makes him stop me and shake hands. Generally he only says 'It's nice weather, ain't it?' or 'It's bad weather, ain't it?' But when I cough that way he asks me into Gus's to have something, like you do.

"McDermatt says, 'My! what a bad cough you got!' And I say 'Yes; it don't seem to get no better, and I'm going to see the doctor about it.'

"McDermatt says to me: 'Take my advice and don't see no doctor. They only soak you and they don't do you any good. I never speak to a doctor.'

"Well," Mr. Slavinsky continued, "we had some of the free lunch, too, and I said I wondered why they had salt pickles and salt herring—everything salty. And McDermatt says everything is sour and salty mit free lunch, so as to make customers thirsty. There was tricks in every trade but undertaking, McDermatt said, and then I coughed for him again. And then he treated again."

"He had an eye to business, too?"

"That's what I think," replied Slavinsky. "And every day I would cough for him and every day he would treat. But what good is it to do it now?"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I can cough now till my head aches and McDermatt turns his back," said Slavinsky, with a sigh. "It's all because my wife tells his wife about her father's and mother's golden wedding in Brownsville we was to."

Mr. Jarr's gaze bespoke his interest, and Mr. Slavinsky went on. "My wife tells Mrs. McDermatt about the golden wedding, and how a Brownsville undertaker sends flowers and fifty camp chairs for the people to sit on and don't charge nothing, because people who have golden weddings can't live long. 'People like that,' my wife says, 'you could die for, so I took his telephone number in case anything happened Mr. Slavinsky, who has a bad cold.'"

"But didn't she know McDermatt was treating you for your cold?"

"Sure!" was the reply. "That's why. She don't like me to go in Gus's at anybody's expense, ever."

How the 1912 Paris Woman Is Dressing Her Hair

WHILE the average woman arranges her hair in a simple centre or side parted effect, with a psyche knot at the back, the really up-to-date girl is dressing her hair in bewitching little ringlets or loose, fluffy effects.

The quaint "bun" coiffure, introduced some months ago, has found great favor, and very often four or five little curls are arranged to fall over the flat, bun formations at the sides to good effect.

But quite the newest thing in hairdressings is the small coiffure. This is formed by first drawing the front hair down over the forehead to the desired depth and then folding it backward. This forms the bang, which is then held in place by a bandeau. The hair that is folded back is arranged in an outward standing psyche knot at the back. Instead of folding the hair as above suggested some women have the front hair cut in a bang, but as the present-day bang is very deep it necessitates the cutting short of a large amount of hair. Since most women object to this, a substitute had to be found, and the new false front or "wig" is being eagerly adopted by French women of fashion.

The natural hair is combed back and formed into a knot and the wig is then adjusted.

As seen in the illustrations, this forms a bang at the front, and the sides, which are longer, are either allowed to fall wavy over the ears, as seen in Fig. 1, or are formed into two or three curls as shown in Fig. 2.

The rest of the wavy wig, which is composed of quite long hair, is brought over the knot at the back to completely cover it.

Fancy pins are then used to keep it in place. Some use the new combs, of which there is to be a revival. The bang is kept in position by a single or double bandeau as illustrated.

Fig. 3 shows the new "wig" in a more fluffy arrangement, which is the latest accepted style in Paris and on a fair road to strong popularity.

The small bandeaux shown are now very generally adopted by Parisiennes.

Fig. 4 illustrates a favorite evening coiffure now fashionable in the French capital. Plumes, aigrettes and marabout pieces are largely used and are seen at all French functions, either worn alone or with an attached fancy band.

They are fastened either at the side, as illustrated, or back of the head.

The Story Of Our Country

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 43.—The End of the War.

WITH Grant's army, strong, well fed, constantly reinforced, in front of him, and with Sherman's army hurrying northward from the conquest of Georgia, Lee found himself at an end of his resources. His own army was in rags and half starved. Its ranks were thinned by death and desertion until it was but a skeleton of its former self. Not only was it unable to defend Petersburg any longer but it could not even protect Richmond.

And on April 2, 1865, Lee hastily retreated from his Petersburg defenses. He had sent word to Jefferson Davis that Richmond must be abandoned. The Confederate President and his Cabinet fled from the city, and so did such Southern troops as were quartered there. Before the Confederate soldiers left they set fire to warehouses and other buildings. Lee retreated, hoping to join his army to Johnston's. But the Union troops followed him too closely. Grant did not turn aside to enter Richmond in person after his long months of effort to capture it, but sent a force to occupy the capital and pressed on close at Lee's heels. He came up with the exhausted Confederates at Appomattox Court House. There, on April 9, Lee surrendered to him. The civil war was practically over. For, a few days later, Johnston surrendered to Sherman.

("The Union army," says Higginson, "was the best fed, best clothed and best sheltered that had ever been set on foot in the world. The Confederates, on the contrary, were often hungry, cold and half naked. Not the least pathetic incident in Lee's surrender was his request that his famished troops might be fed.")

An Hour of Darkness.

The terrible four-year struggle was ended. Peace was declared. It was an hour of national rejoicing. And in that glad hour a black blight fell upon the land. Abraham Lincoln—the man whose wondrous genius had made possible the victory and had saved the Union—was murdered in a Washington theatre by Wilkes Booth, a fanatical actor, who sought to "avenge the South's wrongs." Lincoln's death was the heaviest blow that just then could have befallen the South. For the wisdom whereby he had reunited our sundered country would probably have solved the "reconstruction problem" and might have averted years of mutual distrust, hatred and blundering. His successor, President Andrew Johnson, lacked the ability to do this. And the Reconstruction Period—the era of welding the broken sections of the nation firmly together again—was one of frequent and costly mistakes.

The war was over. The Union was preserved. But the cost was appalling. About 2,700,000 men had enlisted in the Northern army and navy. In other words, 2,700,000 men had left home and work and family to fight for their country. And of these, more than 800,000 had died in camp or had been killed in battle. (A body of men about equal to the entire present population of Minneapolis.) The civil war pension list alone has swelled to about $3,000,000,000 since 1861. More than $3,000,000,000 went to military and naval expenses from 1861 to 1865; and our national debt at the close of the war was $2,600,000,000. All this does not include the expenses to the people at large from high prices, loss of breadwinners, increased taxes, &c. Thus the estimate given not long ago that the "total cost of the civil war up to the present decade has reached the sum of $7,000,000,000" is probably conservative.

But heavily as the North was forced to pay, its losses were as nothing to the South's. In the South, agriculture and manufacture and trade lay dead. There was no money, no credit. Where once rich plantations had flourished the land now was a desolate waste. The negroes had been the South's chief wealth. And the negroes were free. Practically the whole male white population had enlisted in the Confederacy. And more than one-quarter of these had died during the war. The survivors were forced to face life crippled by poverty and under strange and bitter conditions.

The Union Saved.

The "operation" had been a success. The Union's life had been saved. But the weakness and the fearful wound remained for Time to heal. And the man who, of all men, could have hastened the cure, had been murdered.

The knitting together of the severed parts was a long and expensive and infinitely painful process. But at last it was accomplished. Until the civil war settled the question once and for all there had always been thousands of men, both in the North and in the South, who had regarded the Union merely as a temporary makeshift and who had believed that the United States must one day be broken up into two or more separate nations.

But the civil war had proved, past all doubt, that our country is one and indissoluble. In time, the lesson was fully learned. There is no longer a North or a South. Nor can the bitterest sectional feeling again imperil the Union's strength.

It is not the province of this series to carry the history of the United States up to the present time, but merely to tell of our country's birth, its growth, its early perils and the final great struggle whose result made permanent the Union of our States.

The story is told.

(The End.)

The Day's Good Stories

Unique Declination.

A YOUNG woman prominent in the social set of an Ohio town tells of a young man there who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When, on one occasion, he found it necessary to decline an invitation he did so in the following terms:

"Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the 19th, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity of doing so."—Lippincott's.

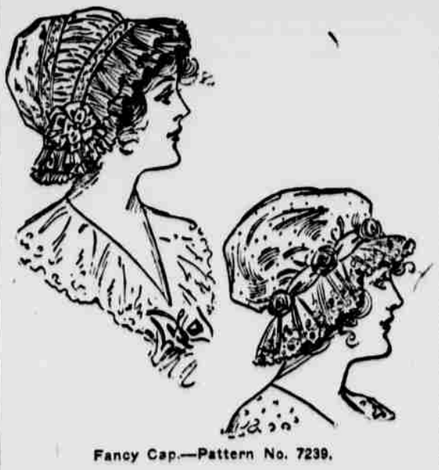
Not on Free List.

A NEW YORK girl visiting recently in Philadelphia was taken to the opera by a young man, and at the close of the performance was asked to partake of some slight refreshment in the way of supper. She accepted the invitation, and at the conclusion of the request was somewhat astonished to see her escort reach for her pocketbook, which lay on the table at her side, and coolly pay the bill out of her money. This, it seems, is customary in Philadelphia when a young gentleman's means are somewhat limited. It relieves his lady friends of the embarrassment they might otherwise feel on partaking of any entertainment at his cost. It struck the New York girl, however, as being very ridiculous, and she began to laugh. "I fear you are laughing at my expense," said the young man. "Let me explain." "Oh, no," she replied; "I was laughing at my expense."—Argonaut.

The Right Place.

AN urgent parent was endeavoring to secure work for her rather dull and listless appearing son, observes a writer in the Boston Transcript. She was told by the manager that they could not employ the boy. "We want only wide-awake boys in our store, madam," explained the manager. "I'm afraid your son is too slow. He acts sleepy." "But couldn't you put him in the alarm clock department?"

The May Manton Fashions



Fancy Cap.—Pattern No. 7239.

PRETTY fancy caps are being extensively used just now. They are made from such materials as gold or silver tissue, lace, and the like, to be worn at the theatre, and they are made from fine muslin and materials of the sort and slipped on during the morning hours, whether the breakfast is taken in the room or with the family, and these models are suitable to all uses. During the morning hours they allow the hair to be loosely arranged about the head and in that way insure protection and airing. They are pretty and becoming, too, and the most attractive finish for the hair. Made from any sheer material and worn at the theatre and occasions of the sort they are especially charming and, attractive, while they have the great merit of not interfering with other people's rights.

The plain cap is made with a round crown, which is gathered and joined to a band, and this band is finished with a deep frill. Over the head can be arranged any preferred trimming. The fancy cap is made with crown, band and frills, the frills being arranged over a foundation brim.

For the plain cap will be required ¾ yard of material 18, 27 or 36 inches wide, with 2 yards of lace for the frill. For the fancy cap will be needed ½ yards of material 27, 1¼ yards 36 inches wide, with 1½ yards of banding and 3 yards of ribbon for rosettes.

Pattern No. 7239 is cut in one size only.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 200 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or send by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always mention size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.